

A
W H I P P

For the

Animadverter

In Return to his Second

L I B E L L.

By R. L'S.



L O N D O N:

Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in
Ivy-lane. February the 12th 1662.

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Printed for Henry Brown, at the Gun in
London. February the 1st 1662.

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I Had no sooner corrected *One* Libell, against the Bishop of *Worcester*, but out bolts *another* against *L' S.*, of the *same Stamp*, and *Forge*, and *Calculated* for the *same Meridian*. *What, Who, or Where* the Author is, I neither *Care* nor *Enquire*; for methinks *Hunting* after *Libellers*, is something like *Gunning* at *Didappers*; a man's in danger to *Loose* his *Shoot*; or, if he *Hits*, 'tis but a *Nasty Quarry*.

Heark ye my Masters of the *Consistory*; You are the *Men* must do *Mee* Right; *These Fellows* are but *Your Bag-Pipes*; You *Blow*, and *They Bawl*: But if I turn not up your *Reverences*, as fair, as ever This *Whipster's* [*Honourable Friend*] did his *Boyes* at *Westminster*, let the world say I have no skill in *untrussing* an *Apostate*.

In short; the Spirit of *Untruth* and *Scandal* is sent abroad from among you; and he calls himself *D. E.* (*the Two first Letters of his Fathers Name*, Job. 8. 44.)

In the *First Page*, the *Phantôme* appears in the *Form* of a *Philosopher*: with This *Character* of *L' S.* [*A Person so lost to all Good Breeding, of so forfeited, so undone a Reputation, in poynt of meer Morality, &c.*]

Gentlemen, you have been now *Twenty Years* at This sport of *Libelling*: The *King*, the *Queen*, the *Royal Family*, the *Bishops*; all that were *L yal*, of the *Nobility*, *Gentry*, and *Commonalty*, have been *bespatter'd* by those *Scribblers*, and *Lecturers*, which you have kept in *Pension*, expressly to *defame* them. The *Church*, the *State*; the *Law*, the *Gospel*: *No-thing* so *Sacred* as to *escape* you. (*I speak only to Those that have Revolted since the Pardon.*) Have ye not deliver'd the

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Doctrine of Devils, for the Inspirations of the Holy Ghost? Vouching Texts for Perjury, and Rapine; Impulse for Treason; Cutting your Sovereign in your Prayers? in the same Act; Seducing the People; Affronting the King, Disbonoring the Pulpit, Prophaning the Ordinance, and Blaspheming God himself.

This is not *Passion* Gentlemen, but *Truth upon Record*; and *Printed by Stationers of your own Appointment, in Perpetuam rei Memoriam*. Your Names I spare; For I wish rather your *Conversion*, than your *Shame*: my Drift being only to shew that your *Tongues* are no *Slander*.

In the next Page, your *Agent* is a little *unsavory*, and I advise the Reader to make use of a *Pomander*. He compares *L' S.* to [a *Hogg playing upon the Organs*.] I pray'e, had not this *Witt* a Hand in your *Centuries of Scandalous Ministers*? Look a Line further, and *There* you are to *Phanfy* him, [A *Scavenger washing a Bishops Snyplie*] How naturally the *Sloven* goes from the *Hogg*, to the *Sir-Reverence*! with *Licence, Gentlemen*, what if a man should now *Phanfy* your *Substitute*, to be some *Groom of the Stool* to a *Holy Sister*? But soberly, To cleanse his *Mouth* would be the fonleſt part of a *Scavengers Employment*.

Say now ye *Brethren of the Text*: Have ye a *Scripture-Rule* for *This Language*? Wee must do every thing in *Mode* and *Figure*; according to the *Precept*. [Let every thing be done to *Edification*], says the *Apostle*; *Blesse them that Curse yee*], says our *Blessed Saviour*. Stick to your own *Rule* then, and *Observe the Precept*; Unless you will deal with the *Law of God*, as ye have done with the *Law of the Land*: Muzzle it with a *Salvo*, and only *Practise Christianity*, so far as it consists with *Presbytery*.

Not to be tedious, what your *Emissary* has expanded, take in *Little*; (that is, the *Flowers* of his *Rhetorique*.) [A *Morrice-Dancer*, — A *Fidler*; — A *Common Barreter*; A *Mercenary Songster*; — A *Whiffing Thinsoul'd Adversary*, — A *Puny Author*, A *Sack-Drinker*; (beshew me, I like

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like the Liquor *but* [it goes in, Sack (he says) and comes out Water.] This, he could never have known, without the help of a *Devill*.

Truly Gentlemen, (to the point of *Musique*) he is a little guilty of some skill in *Song*; and not very *Mercenary* neither, to a *Friend*; hee'll do *your* Business however, when you please, by the way of a *Madrigall*, and never put ye to pay the *Fidler*. Try him, and if he does not set ye such a suit of *Hymnes* to your unfurnish'd Form of *Publique Worship*, the very Ring of them shall shake the Fundamentals of a *Christ-Church Lecture*, and make the *Brethren* of your *Milk-street Conventicle*, Gape worse, and wider, then *Michael Angelo's Reprobates*, in his *Day of Judgment*, say I'm no *Conjurer*. I speak with *Reverence* to the *Good*; and *Charity* to the *Weak*; But to hear *Faction* deliver'd for *Conscience*; to see *People* poison'd in the *Church*, and *Princes* *Destron'd* in the *Pulpit*; Who, that loves either *God*, his *Princes*, or *Country*, has not a *Horror* for it? Further;

Your *Angry* mantels the *World* that *L'S.* is [One that hath been a *Fidler* in all *Governments*, and would have been a *Fidler* in the worst of them; For which end (says he) Hee knows how many *Pittifull Leggs* and *Faces* he made, to scrape *Acquaintance* with the *Tyrant Oliver*.]

Inearnest, This Report might do him a great deal of *Hurt*, but that I trust, he has some *Friends* at *Court*, will have a *Care* that nothing shall do him any *Good*. Pray'e will you speak *Gentlemen*; *You*, have a great many of you been of *All* sides; did any of you, ever know him of any *More* then *One*? Mr. ——— did *You* ever see him make the *Pittifull Leggs*, and *Faces*, (he talks of) to that [Prudent, Pious, and Faithful Governour the *Lord Protector*] Mr. ——— Don't you Remember that [the *Providences* of *God* did, as much appear in the removing of others from, and investing their Honours with the *Government* of this *Nation*, as ever they appeared in the taking away, or bestowing of any *Government* in any *History* of any *Age* of the *World*?] did *You* ever take notice of any such thing? Mr. ——— *You* Inaugu-

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rated the *Serene Oliver*, and *Blessed the Scepter* in the hands of his *Princely Successour*: What say *Tom* to the World? Or did *Sir John Presbyter* ever smel out any such matter in the *Protectour's Water*? We could appeal further, but *More* were too *Much*, A *Sober Line* or *Two* now (e f i y Libeller apart).

I know these *Tales* are not *Believ'd*; yet they are *enter-tain'd*, in *Whispers*, and *pointed at*, in little *Observations*; and so *One Scandal* is *grounded upon another*: more to the *disadvantage* of my *Fortune*, then the *disorder* of my *Thoughts*. If I am *Guilty*, why am I not *Hang'd*? If I am *Innocent*, why am I *Slander'd*? In fine, so *innocent* I am that I affirm; what *Person-soever*, (the *Royal Blond* excepted) endeavours to possess his *Majesty* I am other, does in all *Likely-hood* purpose to *Betray* him, and his own *Soul* gainfayes his *Tongue*. Enough of *This*, now to the little *Fellow* again.

He saies, [*That many Sober Persons (who thought it very fit that the Bishop should be a little humbled) are much satisfied by it, but the Bishop himself so far concerned, that he hath employed one L' S. to answer it.*]

A very pretty kind of *Colloquy*, betwixt *D.* and *E.* Both which I dare say, would be extremely *Satisfy'd*, to see the *Bishop humbled*; yes, *humbled* by the *Head*, as his good *Friends* *humbled* the *Earl of Strafford*; the *Bishop of Canterbury* next; and at last the *King*. And what, when they had *humbled These*; and with *These*, *Monarchy*, and *Episcopacy*, into a *base and inextricable Confusion*: what did they *raise*, to fill those *Vacancies*, but *Dunghill Vapours*; that were scarce sooner *up*, then *down* again, in *Plagues*, or *storms* upon the *People*? I hope any *Country-men* have not forgot the *Fruits* of their last *Humbling* of the *Bishops*. In truth, a *Conflict*, had the *Bishop* replied, might have made him *asham'd*; but barely to *approve himself*; *confute a Schismaticke*, and *cast out an Intruder from a Sequestred Living*, was for his *Honour*.

Whereas

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Whereas he sayes, *that the Bishop imploy'd one L' S. to answer the Animadverter*, That same L' S. did, to my Knowledge, declare, upon the first sight of the Bishops Letter, that it was below the *Dignity* of a *Prælate* to Cope with a *Libeller*, and that if any man reply'd, hee'd undertake the next.

The *Innocent*, in the Second Page, Playes with the Bishops [Dudgeon phrase of *This is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, &c.*] The man is here to be excus'd upon several accompts. First as no Judge of a Good Stile, or else he Counterfeits, for *His Jaggs* like a *Saw*. Next; as a Stranger to the *Law*, he would not else have taken the *Common form* of an *Oath* for the *Bishops Phrase*.

In his fourth Page, he Challenges the *Bishop* and the world to make good six *Positions* which he pretends Asserted by the *Bishop*, and for plain dealing sake, wee'll set them down as the *Animal* delivers them.

Pos.^d 1. *That Monarchy cannot consist without Episcopacy.*

Pos. 2. *That the Bishop of Worcester is the Sole and Immediate Pastor of all the Congregations in his Diocess.*

Pos. 3. *That it is unlawful for any, though Ordeyned, to preach in the Bishop of Worcesters Diocess, without his License.*

Pos. 4. *That it is Lawful in the Worship of God to enjoyn a small thing under a great Penalty.*

Pos. 5. *That the Church hath Power to exact Confession and Recantation, for those Crimes which the State hath pardoned.*

Pos. 6. *That the Presbyterians are All Seditious.*

The Two first are no more the Bishops Positions, then the Animadverter is his Friend, (*Vide* my Answer to his Animadversions, *Pag. 5. & 7. & P. 13.*) the Rest are sufficiently justified. The Third in *Pag. 17.* The Fourth, *Pag. 30.* The Fifth, *Pag. 22, 23.* The Sixth, *Pag. 11, 12.*

You

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You the *Heads* and *Patrons* of the *Revolt*, by what *Name* or *Title* to ever Dignify'd, or Distinguish'd; take notice that I here dismiss your *small Officer*: and now, a *Cold*, and *Serious* word Singly, to Your *Selves*.

I am not utterly a *Stranger* to your *Consultations*, and *Cabales*; from whence I am well Enform'd, that you have been *Hammering* at an *Answer* to me: but finding that the *Cause* will hardly bear it, you are a little doubtful whether *This* or a *Libell*. Proceed: and when ye shall have engag'd the *nameless Issue* of some *Carterd Strumpet* to forge the *Scandal*; Then shall I *Thank* ye, *Gentlemen*, for using me no worle, then ye have done Your *King*, and all his *friends* before me.

When You have drawn your *Goodly Piece*, wee'll try our skill in *Peinting* too: but I assure ye, *Mine* shall be done from the *Life*, *Yours* will be but a *Phancy*.

Tenne est Mendacium, perluet, si diligenter inspexeris.

Sen. Ep.

THE END.

